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ally sloper's Half Holiday

FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.
Vol. XIII.—No. 639.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1896.

[ONE PENNY.]



AT LAST! AT LAST!

"Thank goodness, Poor Papa's 'CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS' is out at last! I'm perfectly certain that if the publication had been delayed another day, Dad would have collapsed altogether under the strain. The scene at 'The Sloperies,' last Monday, absolutely defies description, but Papa and the kiddies simply worked like mad, and this marvellous twopen'orth is now in the hands of the public, and can be had everywhere. Mamma was also on the spot with gratis doses of brimstone and treacle. but somehow the idea hardly seemed to meet with general approbation. Bill Higgins, though, did his best to make it popular."—TOOTSIE.

SUSSEX LOGIC.

SHE'S WRONGED HIM.

THE MASTER OF THE "MOLLY."



Mrs. Dobbs. Those ducks are very dear—four and sixpence each.
Can't you take four shillings for one?
Poultryman. Aye, I can—but I wun't!



"You disgraceful old reprobate, you're drunk again!" "Not again, my dear; this is the same drunk you spoke about yesterday."

In June, 1751, there appeared in the newspapers a remarkable advertisement with ten signatures thereto, offering a reward of ten guineas for the apprehension of James Lowry, late master of the *Molly*, a merchant ship, lately arrived from Jamaica, who was charged by his crew with the murder of one Kenneth Hossack, a foremast man, in his passage home on the 24th of the previous December, by ordering his two wrists to be tied to the main shrouds and whipping him till he expired. The advertisement went on to say that "Lowry did not only murder the said Hossack but in the said passage did use Peter Bright and John Grace so cruelly that they died; and, still continuing his brutality to every man in the ship, broke the jawbone and one of the fingers of William Dwight and fractured the skull of William Wham."

This advertisement naturally excited public curiosity, and led to inquiry, and Lowry was brought to trial at the Old Bailey, when John Gatherah, mate of the vessel, deposed that he came on deck between four and five in the afternoon and saw the deceased tied up, one arm to the halliards and the other to the main shrouds, and the prisoner was beating him with a rope about an inch and a half in thickness. Returning in about half an hour he heard the deceased begging pitifully, as he felt very ill, to be let down, and the captain being then below in his cabin witness obtained his permission to do so for five minutes, with

orders to tie him up again. When let down the poor fellow was unable to stand, which being made known to Lowry, he swore the rascal was "shamming Abraham," and had him tied up. This was done, but he was not made so fast as before, which the captain observing, ordered his arms to be extended at full stretch, and taking the rope beat him on the back, breast, head, shoulders and face for about half an hour, occasionally walking about to take breath.

About six o'clock the sufferer hung back his head, and appeared motionless, on which Lowry ordered him to be cut down, and said, "I am afraid he is dead." The witness felt his pulse and heart, and said, "I am afraid he is dead, indeed." On which the captain gave the deceased a slap in the face, exclaiming, "D—n him! he's only shamming Abraham!" The miserable victim was only just recovering from a fever when he was thus cruelly murdered.

Lowry in his defence said that his crew were a drunken set of fellows, that they altered the ship's course and were mutinous, that the deceased had stolen a bottle of rum and got drunk, that he tied him up to sober him, and that he flourished a rope three times round, and gave him a few strokes which could not hurt him, that he fell through drunkenness, and he did all he could to recover him. However, Lowry was found guilty and sentenced to death, and to be hung in chains.

After conviction he at first behaved with great apparent courage, but when a smith came to measure him for his chains he fainted away, and was measured while insensible. On the morning of his execution "he had on a scarlet cloak over a morning gown, and a brown wig of the colour of his eyebrows. His eyes were very bright and piercing, his features regular and agreeable, and by no means evinced the cruelty of his disposition. Before the cart was carried a silver oar of a very antique form." The sailors in the crowd hooted and yelled at him, crying repeatedly, "He's shamming Abraham!"

He was hanged at Execution Docks amidst loud execrations. He put on a white nightcap and gave the executioner his money and watch before being turned off. His body was afterwards hung in chains at Blackwall.

BILLIAM THE BLOODSTAINED.

ANNOTATED BY ALEXANDRY, THE BLOODLESS BOY.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

BILLIAM and I are still gazing awe-stricken at the rocky one-legged skeleton. Suddenly Billiam points with a frenzied finger. He gives me the jerks to that extent I have to kick him. He, however, heeds it not, but goes on pointing. I look in the direction indicated. Beneath the remaining leg there is something glittering on the floor—it is gold. After all, who is afraid of a one-legged skeleton? We make a wild dash forward and scramble madly. The vibration caused by our fall on the floor loosens the grizzly one above, and it comes rattling down upon us. At the same moment the candle goes out.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted. Do not inclose loose stamps.

Nothing like it, WALTER HOWARD. Much obliged for note, H. G. Many thanks for cuttings, RUGGER; Always very pleased to see. Hardly in our line, MISS EMSCOTT. Very clever, L. F. A. ALLY can't advise you, LEGAL; You must find the proper way.

"ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY."

The Largest Circulation of any Illustrated Paper in the World.

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A RESTORER WHICH FAILED.



"Well, if you ask me, I call it a ghastly fraud. Here I've had bottle after bottle from you, and I've no more hair now than the day I began. Ugh! beastly stuff! I must have swallowed half-a-dozen bottles, at least."

SEE?

Wiggs. I understand the fellow was only a tool in the hands of a confederate.

Waggs. Just so, old man; he was the chisel and the other chap was the chiseller.

* * To celebrate Queen Victoria's Reign, the longest in English History, Miss Tootsie Sloper is now designing the KINGS AND QUEENS OF ENGLAND COSTUMES.



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.

No. 659.—The "Edward III." Costume.



Gus. Do you know the tale of the Manxman?
Ethel. How absurd; I don't believe they have any. I know Manx cats haven't.



"Now, Paddy, if Mr. Frumpet calls, be sure and tell him I've gone up to town." "All right, sorr; and what'll I be saying to him if he doesn't call?"

Herr Schnossey (who has just been rejected). She says I'm not a 'ansom man. Vy, she couldn't have seen my thousand guinea watch chain. Veeman are so blind.



GIRLS UNCLE BOFFIN'S ADVISED.

Uncle said it would certainly make a pretty photo; but he didn't see how she could well teach at the Sunday School after a few of 'em had got about.

"THAT IS THE QUESTION."



"Why suffer, when you can buy 'SLOPER' weekly, 1d.? Why dread these dark and foggy days, when they can be cheered by getting 'ALLY SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS,' without which no home is genuine?"

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

Bewitching Beauty (who is playing heroine in private theatricals). This is the last rehearsal, you know, Mr. Halliday; I hope you're perfect in your part.

Mr. Halliday (very much gone). Well, I think if you don't mind, Miss Beryl, I'd like to rehearse that kiss of ours a few more times. I fancy, perhaps, it ought to be a little more of the long, lingering kind, don't you know. [They rehearse.]

Englishman. Oh! yes; he's not a bad speaker, but he has a most pronounced brogue.

Irishman. Arrah, belad! and what sort of a brogue would you like him to have—an unspeakable one?

Contributor. That was a burning poem I sent you last week on the Armenian slaughter, wasn't it?

Editor. Yes, old fellow; it was, indeed. It burnt splendidly.

It's very sure—since brilliant "Box" shall sit
On Fame's high tower forever with urbanity—
That Sairey Gamp (portrayed in *Chuzzlewit*)
Can never be forgotten by humanity!

But I, who for my lost umbrellas moan,
Would sadly chronicle the fact regrettable
That she's the only Gamp that e'er was known
To own the power of being unforgettable!

Slightly Muddled Parent (reproving son). Don't you know, James, that—his—little scenes should be boys but not her—I mean—his—little boys should be scenes—that is, little hearts should be boys, but not see—Oh, hang it all! be off to bed at once, or I'll give you a good thrashing!

Young Husband (bitterly). You complain of my having changed, but I think you have altered far more than I have; to take only one instance, you never grumbled at my being away from home every evening before we were married.

SLOPER'S PUZZLES.

BY ABRACADABRA SLOPER, F.S.S.

WITHOUT deigning to copy the methods of ephemeral newspapers, the Eminent deems it his duty to gratify the wishes of a vast number of readers who have written suggesting a SLOPER'S Puzzle Column. To that end, he has enlisted the services of the renowned Abracadabra Sloper, Fellow of the Statistical Society. This gentleman in his early youth solved the problem of how many beans were in a glass bottle stuck in a tobacconist's window. He also counted the number of vehicles passing over London Bridge in an hour. His total was exactly double the number counted by a rival on the opposite side of the road. The learned gentleman had a dual vision on the day in question. He also knows how many beans make five. Here are his puzzles:

No. 1.—From a given quantity of apples (if you can get any given to you) select an equal proportion of red and green ones.

Subtract the one from the other, bake quickly in a hot oven, make the Sign of the Cross, by kind permission of Wilson Barrett, Esq., and then explain how the apple gets into the dumpling, and how long Johnnie would be before acquiring a tummy ache after eating half the remainder. The result should give you the correct time in Kamschatka when it is six o'clock by your watch, providing you are able to gauge the time by the ticket.

No. 2.—Take twelve little Japs, and put them upon a wheel. Break them on a wheel if you like, or if civilisation will allow it. Also get thirteen little Japs and place them upon the outside rim of the universe. Cut them indiscriminately into bits, pieces, and things, revolve them diametrically in a slanting direction until you make both ends meet, and then explain how it was that Sun-Yat-Sen got into the Embassy. A prize of three hundred thousand pounds will be given to the person most cogently explaining how this is to be done. We are quite safe in making this offer, as we have the money in a drawer in the office.

No. 3.—Take a large square of the morning newspaper. Cut it diagonally across the centre orbit and transversely along the curb-bit. Then dislocate four slips from the centre of the oblong portion, and square the circle by adding a few strips of postage-stamp edging. The puzzle is to piece them together and read the latest divorce case without turning overleaf.

No. 4.—Suppose that there were nine little frogs sitting on nine little flower-beds. Presume that there are also nine little flower-pots planted for seed. Graft a frog upon each pot, and then place them in a square containing three frogs on each side, six counting crosswise, ten reading from left to right, eight from right to left, and three to each rever. After this, place them on top of each other and calculate how long it would be before they reached the moon. But be careful you do not reach the moon yourself in advance of the problem.

9d. PER BOX (50 PILLS).

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Cure Liver Complaint, Headache and all Stomach Troubles.

IF YOUR CHEMIST DOES NOT KEEP THEM, SEND 9d. IN STAMPS TO
GURDEN & CO., 99 Shoe Lane, Fleet St., London, E.C.
AND A BOX WILL BE SENT BY RETURN

CHECKMATE.

THE business of running a boarding-house anywhere in the Bloomsbury district is now "cut" so precious fine that the landladies and their lodgers may be said to be in a continual round of civil-leucedly civil!—warfare to squeeze out an existence. Hence petty conspiracies abound.

A fellow named McNuttinger "stabbed" at a certain menagerie in Upper Woburn Place and, walking home along Southampton Row the other night, fell slap into the arms of another "quid-a-week-forager," called Birniecloots, who'd left the Woburn hashery some weeks previously. Birniecloots looked healthy enough to turn a reformed cannibal to tears, whereas "Mac" was lean and pinched. For some minutes the Woburn Placer gazed in envy at his old companion's ruddy cheeks, then asked if the new "find" wasn't "a rare place for grub?"

"It wouldn't be any different to any of the old shops," said Birniecloots, in a tone of confidence, "but I've hatched out a little plan, Mac, and it works like a blooming charm. Stand two bitters and I'll impart it?"

Mac only hesitated a moment, then his companion's healthy looks settled the matter. An adjournment was made to a private bar and the pongelo purchased.

"The secret of getting thirty-bob's worth of grub for your quid," said the schemer, "is to make violent love to the landlady, not openly, but whenever opportunity offers, on the strict q.t. Be first down in the morning, and make a bit o' bluff over stealing a kiss. Squeeze her hand occasionally, and about twice a week slip your arm round her waist. Oh, it goes all rumbo!"

A week later McNuttinger was looking for Birniecloots with a stout blackthorn in his clenched fist. As he hunted round Russell Square for the seventeenth time, knowing it was about the hour for Birniecloots to come along, he hissed bitterly, half aloud:

"Work like a charm, indeed! It has—but the wrong way! Since I've told Mrs. Bubblesqueak of my passion she's given me fag bits and pudding ends at every helping, because—curse his lying tongue that egged me on to it!—she thinks I'm so madly in love with her that I daren't complain!"

But the brilliant, brainy Birniecloots came not.

TOOTSIE ON SILKS AND SATINS.



Jack Hammerley: ARTHUR ROBERTS.

and finally as a black satin petticoat it did right royal service for years.

The other night, in a white silk frock, I went to see *The White Silk Dress* at the Prince of Wales's, and laughed muchly. I may mention that my shameless and despicable fiancé accompanied me, but *never again*, dears, never again. The man who can openly bestow a wink upon some carrotty-haired fright upon the stage whilst his betrothed one sits beside him in all her regal beauty, is a toad. So there! There are some really pretty girls in the show, notably those who play the pages; but this thing of Bob's! Ha, ha! I don't see why a modern musical comedy should not have as many editions as the late (and, let us trust, lamented) Brigham Young had wives. Yet, at the same time, I can't quite understand why some play-writing thing could not be found capable of fitting Arthur Roberts right off without so many creases, and the lady members with less fulness in the wrong place. However, what does it matter? Things, somehow, some day right themselves, and we forget a dull evening of long ago in the merriment of to-night. Whether many people who pay go twice after a bad first-night show is another question.

Arthur Roberts, if he has a good memory, must chuckle to himself when he looks back on times past and gone. There were once high-toned histrions and classical critics on big daily papers, who did not quite exactly extol his dramatic abilities; but there were few men in their generation much cleverer than Henderson and Farnie, and they both thoroughly appreciated his money-drawing capabilities, and loosened the reins and gave him his head. I wonder how much over a hundred pounds a week he earns to-day?

The last edition of the *W. S. D.* is, decidedly sprightly. Arthur is, of course, all over the shop, and awfully funny wherever he comes in.

Charles Rock is a worthy addition to the company. Eric Thorne, too, is good. Miss Stella Gastelle has a very pleasing voice and style; and Miss Kitty Loftus does all she knows—and that's a lot—and does it well.

The show is light and bright and amusing, therefore, thither go, and say I sent you.



TWO PAGES.

IT DIDN'T WORK WELL.



(1) "You know, Sister Tabitha, the place is positively reeking with burglars this season, and I really cannot undertake to look under the beds. It is too utterly unnerving for one of my temperament."

(2) "No need to, Sister Priscilla. Here is the old cannon ball which we use for a door stop. Let us proceed to roll it under the beds from one side to the other. If it collides with anything underneath, then we had better depart with rapidity."

(3) So the ball was gently set rolling.



(4) But unfortunately Flopson, the housemaid, had that afternoon placed a large cast-iron bath under that bed, "just to keep it out of the way."

(5) The ball stops. Devilish row! Alarums and excursions! Spasmodic wriggles on the part of Sisters Tabitha and Priscilla.

(6) And when they were really quite off, Bill Sikes quietly emerged from the cupboard where he had been lying snug, and proceeded to loot the blooming show.

SUPERSTITION WITH THE BOTTOM OUT.

THE world gets wiser every day—sometimes twice a day—and yet, from time to time one may come across an advertisement, generally in the "Agony Column," announcing that on a certain day at a specified hour the whole world will come to an end. There have been people fatuous enough to prepare for this off-deferred breaking-up, including the servant girl at Peckham Park, who invested six months' savings in a sea-captain's ear-trumpet so that she might hear "the crack of doom." And the elderly widower at Somers Town who bought a rope, tied one end round his body and carried the other, with a slip-knot in it so that he could lasso some friendly steeple if he found himself going down into the bowels of the earth. But it has remained for a Wood Green man to wait in for the bun.

He'd read somewhere that chaos would reign on and after Saturday, November the 14th. So he had his hair clipped and curled, bought and arrayed himself in a beautiful cambric night-gown with *passementerie* fal-the-rals round the neck and wrists—(this may not be quite as Swan and Edgar would put it, but we're sure you'll grasp the style)—with a bit of orris root in his cheek for fear his whiskers smelt of tobacco-smoke. He went out and sat on a tree-stump and waited.

The appointed hour rolled up, but no chaos. Thinking, perhaps, the kitchen clock at home might be fast, he sent a small boy down to the Fishmonger's Arms to wait and bring him word when it was 3.57. The boy came back—so did a policeman—but no crack of doom, no earthquake, no chaos. That man danced round the green like mad, tearing the expensive *passementerie* into ribbons, and the last that was heard of him, as three constables and a plain clothes man struggled up the steps of the lock-up with him, was his yelled message to all and sundry: "You can tell Professor Phunk he's a bally swindler! 'Ere I've bin an' squandered putty nigh a quid in gettin' ready an' there ain't enough earthquake to ring a bell! I don't care when it is: I won't go at all now!"

SLUMMERS À LA MODE.

[A company has just been organised for the arrangement of personally-conducted Slumming Parties. Personal safety is guaranteed, and no Top Hats are allowed in the party.]

'Tis reckoned becoming
Once more to go slumming
Mid places
And races
All rowdies and that;
So a company lately
Works "slumming" sedately,
Permitting
(As fitting)
No kind of top-hat!
They fear that the "Topper"
(Quite otherwise proper)
Draws groaning
And stoning—
(Yea, eke a dead cat!)
And that's why male Swell-
dom
(Without Toppers seldom)
Must therefore
Prepare for
Some rowdier hat!



ROMANCE AND REALITY.

HE wore his hair long and his shirt-collars low. He raved about poets o'er whose honoured graves the daisies now struggle with the snails and dandelions for supremacy, and ranted of artists who went in for painting without bothering their heads about perspective or such minor matters of detail. Nevertheless he loved—loved madly, a lively little red-headed Tribby of the Finchley studios.

And the other day when he had posed her, dressed in a kilted skirt with a linen ruff and an old delf tankard, as Falstaff's serving-maid, he paused and gazed on her, longingly and lovingly.

"Alas!" cried he, running his bony fingers through his jet-black locks in a rhapsody of reverie, "why can we not recall the past?"

"I'm sure I dunno, cockie," said she, "but you might hurry up that present you promised me, if your bank's at all flush! I could just do with it to get a winter jacket before the weather gets too parky!"

OUR LADY'S CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY LADY DOWDY.

TEMPERANCE.—Here is an excellent idea for mock-mulled claret, which I am sure will suit you. I haven't tried it myself, you know, but still it sounds all right. Boil some spice and sugar in a little water, flavour with vinegar, and colour with Cond's fluid. It looks beautiful, and smells delicious.

TOILET.—It is really surprising the want of knowledge which some people exhibit. I have given you some of my best stock recipes for whitening the hands, and now you complain that they won't keep white, and at the same time inform me that you do your own housework! The idea of expecting white hands if you do any sort of work! The Countess of A. never even washes her own hands. Lady B. never thinks of using a knife and fork for fear that the violence of the exercise should make her extremities red, while the beautiful Duchess of C. always has her hands tied up before she goes to sleep in case she should unconsciously make use of them to scratch herself! If you even do so much work as to put the coal on the drawing-room fire you must not expect to have perfectly white hands.

NOVELTY.—For a motorcar costume you can have nothing better than a crushed Strawberry material with cream lace, with the body appliqued with golden syrup. Caramel buttons with Caniembert belt should be worn with this confection. I don't know what perfume to advise you to use, but from my experience the only one likely to be of any use is Petroleum.

HOUSEWIFE.—Of course you have a perfect right to have the house arranged as you like, and if you wish to stain the floor of his room green, by all means do so. Blackson's Stain is the best, and he'll never get it out again.

SLOPER'S ANCESTORS.

No. 42.



PETER PALMERSTON SLOPER.

BORN, 1800. DIED IN A FIT, 1860.

From the painting by J. MacWhirter, R.A., at Scotland Yard.

* * * This gentleman being the worthy father of the present MR. SLOPER, it will be apparent even to the most unintelligent of our readers that we have wofled up the stock of *Ancestors*. Our mission is therefore fulfilled, and this most remarkable series is ended. God save the Queen!

SHE KNEW A BIT.

HE WAS, TOO.

OH! DEM GOLDEN TRESSES.

* Miss Sloper will be delighted to receive photographs from those of her friends whose portraits have not yet been inserted.

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



He. At which corner were we to meet your husband?
She. I told him the corner with the lamp.
He. But there are lamps at all the corners.
She. I never thought of that.



"Our dance, Miss Meringue." "Well, you know, I thought this was going to be the supper dance; shall we postpone it? I heard you are splendid at a supper dance."



Call Boy. Please tell me, miss, if this note is for you? The gent as give it me told me to give it to the tallest girl with horburn locks; and all of you are bally well the same 'ere.

DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY A. SLOPER.—PRESIDENT McKINLEY.



"Ten thousand congratulations, my dear McKinley!" cried the champion interviewer, grasping the new President of the American Republic by the hand. "We financiers breathe again." "It must have been an anxious time for you personally, Mr. SLOPER?" "Why, yes; until the result of the election became known my bullion remained idle.—(1) "I knew not what to do with it; hiding it under the bed was giving a chance away not only to burglars but to my household. That you will ably fill the chair first occupied by Washington goes without saying. Washington—the man who never told a lie!—a lesson America has taken well to heart." "Hence her greatness, Mr. SLOPER." "In truth, yes. By the way, I have written a little ode to you, which I have had illustrated, and which to-morrow shall be scattered broadcast all over the United States. Accept a copy, and if you will bear with me, I will sing it to you."—(2) Then, rapidly disguising himself as an ebonized minstrel, and producing a banjo, the Eminent commenced: "Boru on de banks ob de Ohio"

—(3) "Where de yaller gal kicks up de heel and de toe, While de darkie strums on de ole banjo,—(4) "Or scrapes de fiddle wid de horsehair bow; When he ain't a-weedin de land wid de hoe; McKinley am de boss to know,—(5) "He fought for de race as black as de sloe, In de war wid de South, some time ago; When a Major he was made, which was right, I trow. From an Ulster stock he came, an' so He am not nohow afraid ob de foe; An' now he am elected Massa Bryan must go To de wall, an' sit back for de great oppo-Ser ob de Silver Faction low; An' den de money will once more flow. An' let us hope de President won't be slow To be persuaded dat de Protection Tariff, being small, must grow. An' now wid joy up our hats we throw. An' drink to de health of McKinley, ho! Born on de banks ob de Ohio!" "Thanks, Mr. SLOPER; very pretty." "Yes, rather neat, I take it. By the bye, did you notice the last line but one?" "Last line but—oh, ha! come and liquor, Mr. SLOPER." And the Old Man was reluctantly prevailed upon to accept.

No. 472.—MISS AMY BELL.
"Thou reignest ever in my heart."
—The Dook Snook.
"For who would not her praises sing?"
—Lord Bob.
"Smile on me, fair one, and I am thy slave!"
—The Hon. Billy.

FIE!



Cousin Bob. I say, what was all that scuffle when I came in just now; was young Spoonboy on his knees?
Bella. No; but I was.

PROVERBS.

IN REGENT STREET.

COOKIE COPPED THE NEEDLE.



"Here, this quid is a bad 'un, I can't get a ring out of it; not the slightest sound." "But, my friend, that shows it is good. Silence is golden, don't you know?"



"Shall you be long, dear?" "Hardly a moment; I'm only going into Paul Bobbinson's to match a piece of ribbon."
[Then he dropped into his club for a couple of hours' billiards.



Laity's Maid. Madame send me to tell you that she has find another hair in the potage.
Cook. Tell your missus that is as false as her own.



A. Wallerbing's Pike.



Free.



Covent Gardeners



SALE
NOW
ON.

ARMING
CRIFICE

WONDERFUL
VALUE

ally Sloper's
CHRISTMAS
HOLIDAYS.

S
NC
OI

Every Article
YUPPENCE

GIVEN
AWAY

ally Sloper
CHRISTMAS
HOLIDAY



The Postmen's Park.



H's. little. bill.



Her Majesty's. Sale.

OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

This was a Mr. Waller's take, Whilst fishing in an Essex lake:—No doubt, like me, you're pleased to see, That gallant "Dr. Jim" is free:—The Covent Garden balls, I hear, Are highly popular this year:—Up goes a great and glad some shout, 'A. SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS NUMBER'S' out:—Financially the scheme, I find, Is rather a long way behind:—Another raid at equal price, Thinks Kruger, might be rather nice:—A lot of stock you may have seen, Has been dispensed of by the Queen.—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.

McPARRITCH CAUGHT.



"Ah! my dear, a pretty wife is all very well; but what beats a good wife?" "A bad husband!"



GOING TO THE CONCERT.

Wife. Do make haste, dear, or we shall have to sit behind those awful hats that prevent one from seeing or hearing anything.



Tilley. I sometimes wish I was a man! Young Fuggles. Why? (He has never given her anything.) Tilley. It must be jolly to be able to make nice presents of diamond bangles and things.



(1) McParritch was caught in a trap the other day, and the Laird therefore began French-nailing him from a distance.—(2) And McNab said: "What villainy is this!" And the Laird answered: "It's no often I hev the chance, so I'm knocking some o' the French nails home; I only wish it was you, ye partan-faced heepycreeet."



Stoneybroke One (with a deep sigh). Yus; I must say there are lots of good drinks!

ALLY-CAMPANE.

THE deed is done, the task is o'er, and the most stupendous twopennorth, the most colossal triumph in the history of



boiler burst. Other testimonials can be seen at 99. Meanwhile, don't forget that all stationers and bookstalls sell it, and that twopence only does the trick.

THE Moss-Grown Mound has this day conferred the "Award of Merit" upon SERGEANT-GAOLER GILHAM, because he's the champion heavy-weight boy-bircher of England. "Feyther," whispered the Cerulean-Orbed, in tones in which indignation struggled with awe, "is this the 'earless tyrant' that does the whackings at the Woolwich Perlice Court—the officer as stands 6 foot eleven, weighs 22 stuns, and measures 54 round the chest, the biggest man in all the Metrypolytin force? 'Cos if so, feyther, you ought to be bally well ashamed to hincourage sich —." But a novel form of retribution this time awaited Alexandry. At a gentle whistle from the Eminent the door was thrown open, and Sergeant Gilham entered with stern and resolute mien and his instrument of torture, and regardless of shrieks for mercy, administered a round two dozen in his most finished and artistic style. And now—well, even an air-cushion causes Alec the acutest agony.

WHAT really slap-up programmes Mr. Lundy does get at the Oxford, to be sure. There were just twenty-seven turns when A.



SLOPER looked in last week, a circumstance which should not escape the attention of country cousins and other interested parties. No music-hall frequenter can fail to recognise the accompanying likeness of Jimmy Fawn, the exponent par excellence of the humours of inebriety. He has had better songs, however, than "She Was Right." Lillian Alexander is a most pleasing vocalist, and her rendering of "The Star of Bethlehem" won thunderous and deserved applause. The quaint dancing of the Kimberley Boys, the smart boxing of the Harveys, and little Elsie Moxter's charming baby rendering of "I want yer, my honey" were also warmly appreciated items of a most enjoyable entertainment.

THE poor old Brighton Chain Pier is in a bad way. The far end of it has toppled over on one side like a badly-made blanc-mange. Of course it is closed to the public, anyhow for the present. The old chap at the toll gate, who rumour says was actually born on the pier, still paces up and down on guard, and he said to ALLY the other morning, "Lor bless yer, sir, she's got years of life in her yet." At which A. SLOPER smiled.

If you want your mind and body soothed at Christmas, and all the troubles of life lessened, send 21s. to Dugald McIntosh, 8 Melville Street, Edinburgh, for a sample gallon of his good old Scotch whisky. If, after lubricating with it, you don't take it on regularly the palates of the Sloperies young men must want overhauling by a specialist.

Teddy's Wives would appear to be very well satisfied with their quarters at the Strand, and there seems every probability that they



gold-tipped cigarettes have signalled a "souvenir night," and—well, what more do you want?

You should certainly go and see Sandow's wonderful performance at the London Pavilion. He is, unquestionably, the strongest and finest physical specimen of manhood the world has seen. A new sketch, *The Concert of Europe*, is a pleasing and appropriate addition to a splendid and lengthy programme.

SLOPER'S DANCING ACADEMY.
A TEA-ROOM HAS NOW BEEN OPENED AT PINKTITE VILLA,
WHERE PUPILS CAN SAMPLE THE SOOTHING MUFFIN OF
THE ASSERTIVE CRUMPET.



No. 22.—Miss Dorothea Titterton in the "Plantation Kick-up." This dance is in no way suited to ladies inclined to plumpness.

A CATTLE SHOW SELL.

HE certainly did look a particularly simple-minded young man. There was an obvious air of rustic veridantcy about him, as he wandered, open-mouthed, among the various exhibits at the Cattle Show, that plainly betokened the country cousin, and it was therefore a very little while before the ubiquitous sharp had marked him for his prey.



duce a friend of mine—Mr. Greenfat, Mr. Mugfleece, and in a few minutes they were all three as snug and friendly as possible.

But why go into the old, old story, the lies, the flattery, the innumerable drinks? The dear old familiar trick had to be played, and played it was, as far as the first act; but when it came to the bumpkin's turn to show his confidence, a little variation of the usual order of things occurred. Instead of handing over the well-filled pocket-book he had previously exhibited, the stranger drew from its depths a card, which, with all his rustic manner gone, he smilingly presented to the two worthies. Great Alexandra Park! Detective-Inspector Skinner, New Scotland Yard!

For a few moments Jack and Wally were fairly dumfounded. Never had they been sold like this; and they simply stood and stared at each other in amusing dismay. But there was just one chance left for them, and they took it.

"Couldn't they square it?" they asked. The detective shook his head indignantly. They bid a fiver, a tenner, and so on by easy stages to twenty quid, which was about their all. And under the temptation of this increased bribe the gentleman from Scotland Yard fell. He seemed half ashamed to take it, but he did, and only waiting to assure himself of the genuineness of the notes, bade the two discomfited sharps "Clear."

And clear they did. And then "Detective" Skinner let loose his long suppressed laughter.

"Worked like a genius," he chuckled, "and all my own idea, too. Blimey, how that bogus card of mine scared the fools! I shall have to get some more of 'em printed." And away he went to play the novel little game once more.

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW THE TIME, LOOK AT
BLOKIN'S MOUSTACHE.



Our artist has snap-shotted four phases, which he describes as the Fatheaded, the Intensely Sober or Mid-day Bitter, the Burlington Arcadey, and the Just Chucked Out. For intermediate o'clocks split the difference.

A NASTY REFLECTION.



"Say, Tom, would you like to earn a bob burning up the weeds out of my back garden? I'm sure they're miles better than yours."

BEZER.

CHAPTER VII.

BEZER's renewed youth had certainly given him renewed pluck and strength to back that pluck. Bezer did not smell the young man's clenched fist, but with a successful wave of the right hand he swept away the proffered bouquet of fingers, and brought his right rapidly down on the young man's ear.

Then there was a row. The young man skillfully planted his fist between Bezer's eyes, and Bezer in turn got home on the young man's nose, and in half a minute both were down. Then the chucker-out intervened and the golden-haired young lady ordered Bezer to be thrown into the street, while her young man was slid into a side room where he could in comfort bathe his nose with cold water.

Bezer was chucked into the street, and mightily offended a policeman by colliding with him in the course of the chuck.



Bezer tried to explain the matter to the policeman.

"I've been assaulted in that house," yelled Bezer.

"Now, then, move on," said the policeman, who occasionally had his thirst quenched in the public-house as a reward for having busted away disturbances in the past. "Now, then, move on," he continued as he gave Bezer a vigorous shove.

"Don't shove me," yelled Bezer.

"Ah, would you," remarked the policeman, as Bezer made a demonstration to resent the shove.

Then that policeman majestically waved his hand to a colleague.

Bezer found himself marching towards a police station between two stalwart limbs of the law.

"Drunk and disorderly and resisting the police" was the charge, and Bezer found himself backed up against the police office counter, while an expert went through his pockets and disclosed the fact that he had £297 16s. in his possession.

Then Bezer was shoved into an airy cell where a nice wooden mattress was placed for his repose.

Bezer felt wearied. He was not enjoying himself as he had hoped he would do when he sat in his soft-cushioned chair in the old ingle neuk of his cottage and longed for renewed youth. He felt that modern times were somewhat different from what they were when he was in his real and original twenties. Then a paternal wink was relished by a damsel who would have blushed and appreciated the delicate attention. Now such a demonstration appeared to be, if not resented by the lady, at least very much resented by her young man. The times had changed, and Bezer had not changed with them.

Bezer slept little, and in the morning when he was led out to make his appearance before the magistrate he was a very sorry spectacle. His nose was swollen, his eyes were discoloured, and his clothes were muddy with the mud gathered during his tussle with the policeman.

The proceedings were exceedingly brief.

The policeman who had arrested him gave a brief but spirited account of Bezer's misdemeanours. Bezer had squared up at the policeman, had offered to knock his head off, had refused to go away, and had finally kicked the officer of the law in the execution of his duty.

"What have you to say for yourself, prisoner?" said his worship.

"I was in a public-house—"

"I thought so," interrupted the magistrate, "you had been in too many public-houses."

"I was only in one public-house," said Bezer, "and—"

"Aye, that will do, you must have taken too much drink in that one public-house."

"But the other man—"

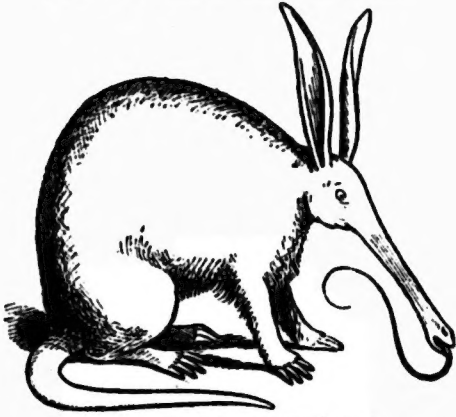
"Oh, there always is another man," said the magistrate.

"Prisoner had a lot of money in his possession," said the clerk of the court. "Nearly £300."

"So much the worse. He deserves to be severely punished. A fine of £5, or a month's imprisonment," added the magistrate, and Bezer was led out to get a receipt for his money, which was thus reduced to £292 16s.

(To be continued next week.)

SLOPER'S UNNATURAL HISTORY.



No. 10.—THE CAPE ANT-EATER.

THE Cape Ant-Eater is a native of South Africa. It is a charming little beast, a kind of a sort of a combination animal in appearance; a resemblance to the elephant, rat, bear, hare, shrew, pig, kangaroo, and many other animals too numerous to mention being distinctly traced in its construction. It is easily tamed and cheerful in captivity. In the wilds of Africa the natives train it not only to eat ants but uncles. This being thus, why should not its feeding abilities be extended to other branches of man's relations? A. SLOPER is prepared to form a syndicate to procure, specially train and import large quantities of Ant-Eaters; also to supply them at a price within the reach of all much-married men who possess a resident mother-in-law. The Eminent is convinced that, apart from the humanity of the scheme, there is a fortune in it; so, capitalists, hurry up with the oof. Cheques made payable to A. SLOPER, Esq., the Universal Benedict Benefactor, will be duly acknowledged.

(To be continued).

THE "NEW" CHILD.



Belle. Cissy, dear, here's little Algy come to play with you.
Cissy. Oh!—well, jus' say I'm not at home.

HE SWEARS IT'S TRUE.

A FRIEND of SLOPER's, who has just returned from a tour round the world, furnishes us with the following interesting little document picked up by him during a brief visit to one of the Cannibal Islands. He tells us he did not stay to investigate the matter further—a statement which, unlike the majority of his assertions, we find no difficulty in crediting.

KLUBUM ALIVO,
BUTCHER

(By Appointment to the Royal Family).

Prime cuts from natives always in stock. Whole, half, or quarter corpses at a great reduction. Slaughter house on the premises. Purchases killed while you wait.

SMOKED and SALTED.

WHITE MEN A SPECIALITY.

TRY OUR POTTED MISSIONARY
(A breakfast luxury).

N.B.—A Fresh Consignment Expected Shortly.

Families Waited on Daily.

ASK US ANOTHER.



"How do you do, Major Bagstock? Mamma's been expecting you would get round lately, but you always are such a disappointing man!"
[The deuce! which did she mean?]

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

THE MANSION HOUSE, LONDON, Nov. 27th, 1896.
THE Lord Mayor presents his compliments to the Editor of "ALLY SLOPER," and begs to thank him for the "Award of Merit." His Lordship quite appreciates this fresh distinction conferred upon him.

POEMS ON PARAGRAPHS.

No. 24.—A BALLAD OF PROCRASTINATION.

["As long as the inaction of the Powers continues, the situation will be shameful as well as sad."—Gladstone.
"Nothing has been done to rescue these unfortunate victims of the Sultan from plunder and death."—Popular Petition to Her Majesty.]

THE Moloch of Massacre, dreaming, heard
A call from the Kingdom of Hell, and stirred
And writhed from the depths of sleep.
To yawn himself back into life he paused
For the space of the tenth of a space, then caused
His vigorous arms to creep
From the warmth of their nestling, and raised them both
To the line of loth sight—and his soul was wroth.

The Moloch of Massacre jerked his jaws:
"From Ammonite lusts, from Phœnician laws,
I am barren of blood-baths now.
But why have I been into sleep-deeps dragged,
Till these arms, of whose redness I bravely bragged,
Are as white as the great God's brow?
Hell's murmur has terminated my sleep: may Hell
Forewear me, if now I not drench them well!"

The Moloch of Massacre rose, and clutched
The invisible wand of his weird, and touched
The Vicegerent of God on Earth:
And the rude red blood for his bath was shed,
And he dipped his arms, and he drenched his head,
And he maddened and squirmed with mirth.
"How lovely to lave in the warm soft wave
Of the blood of the guiltless! O rare! O brave!"

The Moloch of Massacre paused and paled,
For he heard the sound of a wild wail wailed,
And a groan that on wild winds came.
And the blend of the strident and shrill sufficed
To show that the nations who worshipped Christ
Were upcalling on Christ his name—
Upcalling, and shrieking for means to shake
From his blood-lust the blood-fiend, for Christ his sake!

The Moloch of Massacre raised a wrist,
And so much as the half of a reddening fist
From the flood which the blood-stained Turk
Had spilled him, his white-waxen limbs to dye:—
As if, in chill dread of that Christian cry,
He would cease from his hell-warm work.
But the thought of a moment the thought expunged,
And his timorous arm in the trough re-plunged.
The Moloch of Massacre laughed full high:
"Now, why should I cower to these Powers? or why
Be disturbed by a deedless roar?
Let me wallow, at ease, in my blood-bath deep!
For, sodden and soaked, I'll be back to sleep—
And my surfeited frame once more
Will be red as the Hell that dispelled my dreams—
Ere a sword be unsheathed by these Christian screams!"

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

"THE Sign of the Cross:" Bil Stumps, His Mark.
A STRONG-HOLD: The hold of a ship freighted with Gorgonzola.
"ODD man out," as the potboy said when he "chucked" the Eccentric Individual.
LEAGUE Football Mem.—The First Division: "Two into two goes one."

JUST OUT.

TWOPENCE.

ALLY SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

Amongst heaps of good things will be found

A Large Plate by W. F. THOMAS,

"ALLY SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS BALL."

A Full Page by HAL LUDLOW,

"BOXING NIGHT AT THE 'FRIV.'"

A Sensational Story by STEPHEN SOMERSET,

"THE PARK LANE TRAGEDY."

A Large Cartoon by W. F. THOMAS,

"Ally's Christmas Stockings."

A Comic Song by MOSTYN T. PIGOTT,

"A COSTER'S CHRISTMAS CAROL."

And dozens of other Festive Pictures and Stories.

RIGHT UP TO DATE.



Manager. Want a job in the new piece, do you? Well, d'ye think you could play a one-line footman's part?
Applicant. I'm on it, guv'nor. Gimme a gold and purple livery, pad me calves, powder me 'air, and I'm Jaumes to the werry life.
"Me lord, the horto-kerridge waits."

COST HIM A TRIFLE.



Sammy. But, my dear Baby, the shopman assured me the gloves were *surds*.
The Butterfly. Well, you can't persuade me; it's all kid!

GOOD DEEDS GONE ASTRAY.

HARROWING! It isn't the word. The "club" doctor told the poor woman to make her husband some linseed tea, but, as it happened she hadn't a grain of linseed in the place nor a penny-piece to purchase any. In a wild hope that it wouldn't make any difference she brewed the tea with birdseed; and now half the doctors in Harley Street are investigating the case of a man who all day long whistles like a cock canary!

A Parisian rag-picker was run-in the other day for stealing a quantity of paper and calico flowers which had been used in decorating the boulevards in honour of the Tsar of Russia. The barrister employed to defend the prisoner was a fair corks. "Messieurs," said he to the three judges, "I beg you to note that my client did not help himself to these paper roses until after the Tsar's reception was over. I tell you the self-sacrificing spirit and noble abstention from the cultivation of glorious opportunities that my client exhibited during His Majesty's visit entitle him to the admiration of his countrymen and the approbation of this court!" He got off!

FARES WOT I'VE DROVE.

(THE CONFIDENCES OF BADGE 00,951.)

(Continued.)

"GOOD evenin' to you, sir. I was a-goin' to tell you that little yarn about Jim 'Arrison, wasn't it? Ah! smart chap with the ribbons was Jim, but just a little too fond of somethink hot with lemon in it to make 'is mark. Always a-gettin' into scrapes owing to the booze, 'e was, pore chap, until at last the beaks wouldn't stand it no longer, and bang goes 'is bloomin' licence."

"But it was while Jim was still drivin' of 'is keb that I'm speakin' on. In addishun to 'is 'atted o' worter in its hinduluted state, 'e always 'ad a strong objection to 'andin' over anything that 'appened to git left in 'is 'ansom. 'Findin' 'is keepin' was 'is little mottr, which is a werry good sort o' one when you 'appens to be the finder, but don't appeal to yer feelin' quite so forcible if you 'as the misforchun to be the loser. Howsunever, Jim 'e never giv nothin' up unless 'e could 'elp it, though arter one or two little complaints 'e 'ad to go a bit more careful; but still 'e wot wot you might call cured of 'is little failin'. 'E used to say as it was 'is curiosity wot got the better of 'im, and p'raps it was. Curiosity ain't a bad word for stickin' to other people's property. If Jim 'Arrison 'ad been a Hamerican millionaire p'raps they'd 'ave called it kleptomania."

"Well, guv'nor, to come to the little joke. One night Jim finds as one of 'is fares 'ad left somethink behind. A fair-sized parcel it was, lookin' and feelin' like a box wrapped up in brown paper. Jim makes up his mind to take it 'ome with 'im and try and see what was inside before deliverin' it up at the Yard, but bein' coldish weather, and meetin' a pal or two on 'is way from stables, 'e got a drop more inside of 'im than 'e could carry convenient. Consequence is, when 'e reaches 'is stately manchin, 'e simply falls upstairs, chucks down the box, bangs 'is coat over the gas-bracket, and goes off to bye-bye in 'is boots."

"Early the nex' mornin', just when the light was beginnin' to come in at the winder, Jim wakes up with a lime kiln thirst on 'im, and glances round to see where the watter-jug was. Orl at once 'e gives a horful start, and stares agin with bustin' eyeballs. But there wotn't no delusion about the vishun. Friskin' about on the chest o' drawers was three or four rummy-coloured little snakes, and a couple or so more was crawlin' about on the floor."

"Well Jim 'e stares and stares, and rubs 'is eyes, and puts 'is 'ead under the bedclothes and then takes another look, but the snakes still went on crawlin'. 'I've got 'em agin for sure,' says Jim, and burst out in a cold clammy sweat all over. Meanwhile some more o' the little vipers drops from the chest. This 'ere multiplication biz, was too much for 'im. 'E gives a shriek, and make some dash for the door, and runs, yellin' and shriekin' downstairs for someone to 'take 'em away."

"And wot do you think it was, guv'nor? Why, they was real snakes, wot 'ad escaped from the box Jim took 'ome with 'im. A' old naturalist pefessor 'ad left 'em in the keb, and was in a rare state about losin' of 'em. Larf! why, old Jim never 'eard the last of it for years."

(To be continued next week.)

SOON ANSWERED.



"Are the Clumpbeams musical?" "Oh! no; Mrs. C. plays the piano herself."



No. 459.—MR. H. MACKINNON WALBROOK, F.O.S.

"It is with exceptional pleasure that we draw the attention of our readers to the most recent addition to our gallery of celebrities. A distinguished member of the Fourth Estate, our hero is almost as well known in the Metropolis as in London-by-the-Sea, where, as the clever editor of *Brighton Society*, he is widely esteemed and respected. To his versatile pen the bright and breezy journal above alluded to largely owes its success, and the Moth-Eaten Fabric, who possesses a never-failing eye for talent, has little doubt but that a distinguished literary career is before its brilliant conductor. Chiefly because he's the able editor of *Brighton Society* he was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him August 29th, 1896."—*Debrett Improved*.



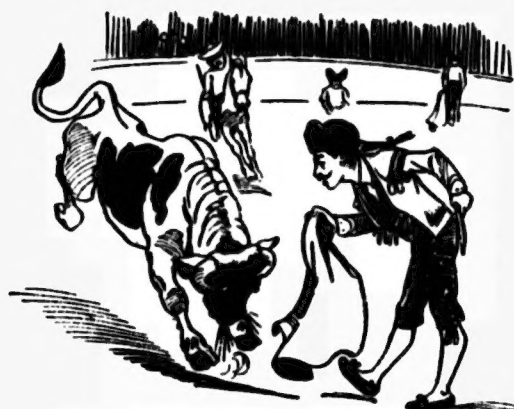
Willie. Do you close your eyes when you drink milk, grandma?
Grandma. What makes you ask such an absurd question, my boy?
Willie. Because pa told ma this morning that you couldn't look at milk without making it sour.



"Got it out of 'SLOPER'? Why, of course I did. Don't I get all my best wheezes from 'SLOPER'?"



"And are you—aw—wising in the profession?"
"I can't rise much higher—I'm a trapeze artist now."



(1) Don Nimbletoes, the celebrated bull-fighter, in the arena.



(3) Who is none the worse for it, but hastens to dispatch the bull.



(2) The bull has a game of his own with Don Nimbletoes.



(4) All honour and glory to Don Nimbletoes, great and glorious bull-killer.

BETWEEN THE ACTS.



Charley (in a whisper from behind). I say, Maggie, who's your friend with the Mosaic countenance?
Maggie. Mr. Abraham; but why Mosaic?—he isn't enamelled, you know.



Binks. I say, old chap, you don't mind my saying so, but you really do drop your H's awfully.
Goggles. Well, what of that? Don't I preserve the balance of the alphabet by (pointing to his specs) doubling my I's.



"No, Alfred, I can never be yours, but I will always love you as a sister."

AT THE SKATING PALACE.



Old Mumbles (meditatively). What the Dickens am I to do! Shall I stop to pick up my false teeth or win the guinea prize for quickest time!